

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

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[NUMBER XXVI.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

(Concluded.)

"NOW," said Montauban, "I have nothing more to relate to you but what concerns myself personally.—When I first came into this province, Valerie had been in this state of seclusion and confinement two years. Beaumanoir had defied the English commander Bembro, and I solicited to be admitted one of the thirty knights who were to engage in the combat. This honorable favor I obtained; and Beaumanoir, who was unanimously named our chief, shewed himself worthy of that distinction. The pride of the English was humbled. He invited a numerous party to supper at his castle: I was one of the number. I had the greatest curiosity to see Valerie; and I had been cautioned, in order not to aggravate the ills of the unfortunate, to be silent. But when I beheld her, I found it impossible to obey this injunction. I waited, however, till she had retired, and then I rose. "What would you?" said Beaumanoir. "I wish," said I, "to break the odious instrument of the most execrable cruelty;" pronouncing these words I seized the cup. Beaumanoir, furious, snatched it from my hands. "Beaumanoir," exclaimed I, "I despise thy vaor, since it is blended with so much ferocity!"—"Return thanks to the laws of hospitality," said Beaumanoir, "that I do not instantly punish such insolence offered at my table; but we shall meet again to-morrow, in another place."—"Your table," replied I, "is that of a cannibal or

an ogre: you invite guests only to insult them, by presenting them with a base haughtiness, a spectacle the most offensive and distressing. 'This,' said Beaumanoir, 'is too much: go out with me instantly, and repeat to me this insolence, sword in hand.'—"Most willingly," cried I; "and though I should be vanquished, I shall not esteem you the more." The other knights present, now threw themselves between us, representing that we must at least wait till day before we fought.—"There is always sufficient light for us to see to take revenge," exclaimed Beaumanoir; and we went out. His attendants, by his order, followed us with lighted flambeaux. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, we fought a long time: I received no wound; but I

and we believed him dead. Our friends have since reconciled us; but I have never had resolution to return to this castle, but for the purpose of seeing the cup of grief broken, in which the amiable Valerie has shed so many tears: and in despite of the pretended clemency which the implacable Beaumanoir has now assumed, it would still have afforded me the greatest pleasure to have fought with him. I cannot endure the idea that he should believe himself to-morrow the most generous of men. All the duels that have been fought on account of Valerie, have been carefully concealed from her knowledge. Her guardian angel, the worthy pastor, has taken every necessary precaution to prevent her receiving any information of them."

Montauban here terminated his recital. The young Henry de Clermont, who had

listened to this history with the liveliest interest, asked many questions concerning Valerie. He heard with pleasure, that the reconciliation between the husband and wife would not take place in this castle, which must recall such terrible recollections to Valerie. During the penance of Valerie, Beaumanoir had caused an elegant and magnificent house to be built, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, in which he intended to reside in future. Valerie was ignorant of this circumstance; and he prepared for her the agreeable surprise of quitting the old castle for a new one, which hereafter was to be only used as a hunting-seat. The two knights, after weary of talking of Valerie, did not separate until a few hours before the day began to break.

The next morning, Valerie, when she awoke, thought with transport of her daughter.—"At length," said she, "I shall be permitted to speak to her, to question her, to listen to her, to hold her in my arms; they will no longer tear her from my embrace."

At eight o'clock in the morning four young maidens entered Valerie's chamber, bearing a superb robe of gold brocade, and a casket filled with jewels. Valerie, in obedience, suffered herself to be magnificently dressed, but she was occupied only by the idea of her dear Emma: she spoke only of her. When she was dressed, the pastor made his appearance. Joy illumined his venerable features. Valerie, for five years, had fulfilled the duties of religion only in the chapel of the castle. The pastor first conducted her to the parish church, where she heard divine service; after which the

pastor again ascended the carriage with her. Valerie observed that he did not again take the road to the castle.—'You will never return thither,' said the pastor to her; 'there is another abode prepared for you.—At these words, Valerie joined her hands, expressive of her gratitude; and she burst into tears, by which alone she could express the emotions of her joy.—'What!' said she, 'shall I never more see that melancholy castle? Ah! my father, I leave there all my resentments, but I shall carry with me forever the recollection of my faults.—'Yes, my daughter,' replied the pastor, 'let it never leave you; let your whole life be a proof that you constantly retain it.'

They arrived at the new house, which was already filled with all the lords and ladies of the neighbourhood. All this brilliant company assembled in the hall, waited the arrival of Valerie with extreme impatience, intermingled with compassion. Henry de Clermont and Montauban were not among those who were the least affected. At length Valerie appeared, leaning on the arm of the venerable pastor. The brilliancy of her beauty, her youth, the recollection of her unexampled suffering, inspired at once admiration and the liveliest sentiment of pity; and all the spectators, eagerly fixing their eyes on her, remained for some moments motionless. They contemplated, with profound respect, this charming woman, now only twenty years of age, who had already endured such sufferings, that her experience of human misery might be said to be perfect.

Valerie, trembling, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, advanced slowly, with a humble and timid air. A murmur of applause then ran through the room. All the ladies flew to meet her; they surrounded her, and overwhelmed her with the tenderest caresses. The lords and knights lavished their compliments on the worthy pastor, so justly deserving their esteem and veneration, who had been the only comforter of the

afflicted penitent. Suddenly the folding doors opened majestically, and discovered the seigneur de Beaumanoir magnificently habited, and attended by a great number of esquires and pages. His deportment was grave and composed; his air and step theatrical. He held by the hand the beautiful little Emma. After having advanced a few paces with great gravity, he stopped, saying in a solemn tone—'Go, my child, embrace your mother!' At these words, Emma gave a scream of joy on perceiving Valerie, who sprang towards her with extended arms, crying—'Oh, my daughter! oh, my Emma!'—'Ah!' said the child, with transport, 'she speaks!' and she threw herself into her arms. Valerie, holding her child pressed to her bosom, as if she still feared that she would be taken from her, endeavoured to cast herself at the feet of her husband; but he prevented it, and embraced her. At this embrace, all the spectators shuddered. Then Beaumanoir breaking silence—'Valerie,' said he, 'I restore to you all your power as a wife and a mother, and all my confidence: you are at liberty for the future, in all your actions. I leave to you alone the care of educating your daughter, and nothing will be wanting to her education, if you can endow her with your virtues.' These last words were applauded with enthusiasm.—Valerie, at length assuming sufficient courage to raise her beautiful eyes to her formidable husband, looked upon him for the first time during five years. The colour forsook her lovely cheeks; but still preserving the most affectionate expression of sweetness and humility—'Since you deign,' said she to him, 'to leave me mistress of my actions, I may be permitted to declare that I renounce the world for ever: I will live in future only for you and my daughter. When you are alone you shall find a submissive wife, anxious to obey you; but I would seek solitude only. I ought no longer to desire any thing but oblivion.'

After this reply, Valerie saluted pro-

foundly the assembly, and still clasping to her bosom her child, left the room, and retired to her apartment, to extricate herself from her heavy robe of gold brocade, to seat herself in her arm-chair with her Emma, whose innocent prattle and tender caresses made her forget all her griefs.

The part which Valerie had chosen to perform in this manner, had a little disconcerted the seigneur de Beaumanoir: this unforeseen denouement had deranged his plan, and obliged him to suppress several scenes which he expected would have produced a great effect. But it could not but be highly flattering to him, that the most beautiful woman of the country, in all the bloom and splendour of early youth, should have declared publicly that she would live only for him; and with this reflection his pride was consoled and satisfied.

Valerie conducted herself according to the declaration she had made, without the slightest deviation; and her angelic virtues at length enforced the admiration, and won the tenderest affection of her husband. The most extravagant man is never so unlike to others in his nature, as he affects to appear; there is always a little hypocrisy mixed with his extravagance. In order to cure minds so affected, time is necessary; for we can only enlighten them by degrees, and by humouring their self-love. The sublime lessons of the Gospel had endued Valerie with the gentle art of persuasion, which characterizes the mildness and indulgence it prescribes, that patience which endures every thing without murmuring, and that modesty which never makes us feel that it perceives the success it has obtained, and the victory it has gained over us. Valerie became most sincerely and affectionately attached to him whose manners and sentiments she had entirely changed; her Emma formed the delight of her life; and she became as happy as the recollection of the past permitted her to be.

To the Patrons of the Lady's Miscellany.

With this number we tender our respectful acknowledgments to our friends, for the liberal encouragement they have afforded us. Our concessions are likewise due for their politeness in discharging the small bills heretofore presented for payment.

Could we conveniently procure as much of the *necessary article*, money, as would answer our present exigences, we should not, at this time, solicit the aid of our patrons; but as, unluckily, this is not the case, we must e'en to confession with what fervency we may, and aver that a proper sense of our relative duty, will constrain us to trespass on their goodness. In order, however, that we give no further trouble than is absolutely necessary we observe that, our subscribers will be respectively waited on, on Monday, and Tuesday next; those of them who find it convenient to oblige us, will be entitled to our heart-felt thanks.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ANECDOTE.

A **TRADESMAN** of the first respectability in the city, who, from the humble situation of a porter, has raised himself by merit and industry, was one day superintending the loading of some package intended for abroad. One of the assistants ran so far contrary to his directions, as to induce him to push the fellow aside, and say, "Let me come, for I shall never beat sense into thee." The porter grumbled, and in an underkey exclaimed, "You've no reason to be so sharp, you was no better than myself t'other day." This being heard by his employer, he thought it no degradation to reply, "If you mean I was, like you, a porter, you are right; and, like you, a porter should I have remained, if I had been afflicted with your idleness, your obstinacy, and your ignorance."

ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

YOUNG people of reflection, good sense, and good breeding, ought to consider their entrance into the world as a serious and important affair. None but fools be hold in it nothing more than the pleasure

of paying visits, going to spectacles and balls; but young people of sound understanding should survey, under another point of view, that memorable period, when they step forth from the bosom of their families, and are admitted into the class of citizens, in order to form links of the great chain of society. This idea is not calculated to direct the imagination to vain and frivolous objects, but must lead to noble and useful reflections.

A successful entrance into the world is of so much the more importance, as it has an influence on all the rest of a person's life. First impressions, whether good or bad, cannot, without difficulty, be erased.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MY LOVER.

WHEN will the wish'd-for day draw near,
When in my sight again appear,
All that my beating heart holds dear,
My Lover?

How many a dull and dreary day,
How many a month has pass'd away,
Since thou a long farewell didst say,
My Lover!

How often hast thou press'd this hand,
And, with thy gentle smiles so bland,
Scenes for our future pleasure plann'd,
My Lover!

But now, a wide, a watery sea
Between Palemon rolls and me,
Yet still my heart is true to thee,
My Lover!

Yes, not the ocean's boundless space
Can ever from my heart erase
The charms that deck thy form and face,
My Lover!

But far superior, far, I find,
The glowing virtues, sense refin'd,
That grace thy firm, yet polish'd mind,
My Lover!

Then say, is yet thy heart the same,
Does there a tender, mutual flame
Still warm thy breast, live thro' thy frame,
My Lover?

Ah, yes! methinks I hear thee say,
No time, no distance, can decay,
My passion's ardent as can sway
A Lover!

If it be so, how doubly bless'd,
How happy I above the rest,
The thought with rapture fills my breast,
My Lover!

Then fly ye tedious months away,
Nor thus your lingering cause delay,
But bring in blooming bright array,
My Lover!

Then, ah! what pleasure 'twill excite!
What bliss, what transports, what delight,
When husband, sacred name, unites
With Lover!

Then shall this beating bosom thrill,
In soft submission to thy will,
While in the spouse retaining still
The Lover!
JANE C***k**s.

Washington City, April 9.

Literal translation from a Bordeaux paper, showing some of the elegant and pure manners of the French Nation.

LAST FASHIONS AT PARIS.

"THREE has been much clamour against stays (corsets) and whalebones, and yet every young lady now wears stays and whalebones—nay, there is even a *Professor of Stays*, like a *Professor of Belles Lettres*, attached to every Boarding School. Every week Mr. Professor visits and inspects the waists of his young elves, makes them manœuvre and display their shapes for half an hour, while you hear him roaring out "Mademoiselle Julie, a little more on your right haunch; Mademoiselle Amanda, don't poke out your stomach so much; Mademoiselle Georgiana, your elbows have no play; your arms are falling to pieces, your body is not balanced in a direct line; and all of you, young ladies, pray remember that you must use your left as well as your right hand, and that, notwithstanding the perfection of my Corsets, she that uses her right hand more than her left, will infallibly become hump-backed."

AN ACCOUNT
OF A SUTTEE AT BARODA.

We have been obligingly favoured by a correspondent with the following curious and authentic account of a *Suttee*, which took place at Baroda on the 28th of July, 1805.

THE victim's husband was a Bramin of the Desust cast, an inhabitant of Nasick, but removed his family to Baroda about two years ago. He was invited by the Rajah of Kota, to visit Malwa, for the purpose of reading to his Highness the Bhagwat, or Shaster. Having executed this task to the satisfaction of the Rajah, he was dismissed from the Durbar with rich presents of shawls, &c. and 1500 rupees in money, for which he obtained a bill of exchange on Baroda. He then took the road to Gazerat, but on coming into the Grassiah's country, he was attacked by a party of these depredators, plundered of all his ward-robe, &c. and thrown into a dungeon. In a miserable state of imprisonment he remained for three months, receiving one seer of grain each day, and constantly undergoing the most severe and cruel tortures, till he consented to pay a fine, and give security for 1500 rupees (the little sum he had earned during fourteen months absence from his family) and which he fondly expected to enjoy with them on his return. He was however obliged to go to Rutlam, where he sold his bill of exchange, and paid to the Grassiahs the extorted fine. The treatment he had met with produced a fever, of which he died within seven days after his arrival at that place.

Some time before his unhappy wife was informed of his death, she had a dream, in which she beheld many women approach, and present her with the red stuff called conkoo; in consequence of which she regularly dedicated her prayers to the pempul tree, and walked round it one hundred times during the day; on her returning from thence one afternoon, a crow perched upon her head, and car-

ried away her string of beads.—On this, she declared to her cast, she was persuaded her husband was dead, and that she was determined to burn herself the moment she received confirmation.

She did not long survive her unfortunate husband, for on the 27th ultimo she heard of his decease by letters from Rutlam.

Having summoned all her acquaintance she applied to prayer, and addressed Seetaram Rowjee, the Guicawar's Dewan, requesting he would immediately give orders for the necessary preparations to be made for her burning.

On the 28th, the pile was erected at the pagoda adjoining the cantonments. A concourse of people were present. She went to the river with her attendants, called a Bramin, and made an image of wheat flour representing her husband. She returned to the pile—made the usual presents, and having walked round it five times, stood upon a stone called Dhurram Sella. She looked at her face in a glass, and exclaimed she was burning with her husband! She received the usual compliments and congratulations for herself as well as for friends above.

She entered—placed the image on her lap; and with her own hands, set fire to the pile.

The victim was about thirty years of age, her eyes black and sparkling; with a mild countenance, expressive of lively anguish and interesting simplicity.

The firmness she displayed is beyond description. Her mind glowed in the hope of meeting her beloved husband, where no tyranny or oppression could reach him. She did not drop a tear, and if she had, it would have been the tear of joy, and not of sorrow.

It must, however, be said, that although the *Suttee* is a strong example of fortitude and affection, a custom prevalent with the Bramin cast, and not uncommon

with Hindoos in general, it is a custom "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," and to the credit of humanity, it is now less frequently complied with than formerly.

It has been supported by many that this sacrifice is not voluntary, and that the wife suffers disgrace in not coming forward; but this is a most erroneous idea; for on the decease of a Hindoo personage at Baroda, that worthy and highly respected character, who by the suavity of his manners, his justice and wisdom, is so truly beloved by the natives, and to whom we may apply from Terrence—*Home sum—nihil humani a me alienum puto*—apprehensive that the wife, from the high rank which her husband held, would have devoted herself to his manes, sent his Dewan to endeavour to dissuade her from the act. The Dewan went to her house, but on finding her in tears, immediately returned, and afforded no small degree of satisfaction in declaring, that giving vent to her grief, was a certain proof she had no intention of devoting herself. She is now living, and passes her time in prayer and meditation. To argue against this Braminical religious tenet with the male part of the cast, would only excite their indignation and surprise; but might we not ask them, if the children have no claim to the mother's protection? Is it more praise-worthy for a wife to burn with her husband, than to remain and afford consolation to her disconsolate children?

The gallant Macduff being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out with an exclamation of four words, the most expressive, perhaps, that ever was uttered,

"He has no Children."

This is, as Goldsmith says, "the energetic language of simple nature;" but that nature, pure and refined as it is, in the point alluded to, has no influence.

We were present at a Sutte last year when the daughter of the devotee attended her mother to the pile. The tears and lamentations of the unhappy girl moved every one. The very priests seemed touched with her agony; but her affliction was treated by her mother with a smile, as much as to say, "why grieve for me; I am going to enjoy happiness." She had not

The dread of something after death—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns;

She did not believe

The Everlasting fixed his cannon 'gainst self-murder.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

GLANCES AT LIFE.

No. 4.

WHEN we review the unfavourable side of human nature, we are apt to draw inferences by no means creditable to the species. It would in many instances seem as if the fortunate considered their neglect of their fellow-creatures whose situations are less enviable than their own, as justifiable. Nay more, as if they considered the least fault of a man in distress as a sufficient pretence to refuse him either advice or assistance—they would have the unhappy quite perfect.

A very worthy friend of mine was, but a little time since, in flourishing circumstances. His wife, his children, and himself were happy. He possessed an open, generous, manly heart; and his greatest fault consisted in entertaining too exalted an opinion of mankind. But the treachery of a pretended friend has robbed him of his peace of mind, and property together. That man "can smile, and smile, and be a villain" his unhappy situation bears ample testimony. He was persuaded to endorse the notes of this seemingly worthy acquaintance, who absconded, and left his credulous friend to be answerable

for his perfidy.—The loss of his property however, has affected him less than the coldness manifested by those who once professed for him the most ardent friendship.

Another person, whom I well know—and who, to a mind of sensibility, adds "every good grace to grace a gentleman," was, but a little time since, in the high road to fortune. His venerable parent had paid the debt of nature, and left him in the enjoyment of a handsome property, which the line of trade he had adopted, would, he hoped, tend to enhance—and his energy was peculiarly directed to this object, as thereby he should be enabled to offer, with his best affections, a fortune equal to that of the lovely daughter of a gentleman who was formerly the confidential friend of his father. To the lady he was tenderly attached, and was treated by her with every mark of respect.

The notes of my friend met a ready reception at the Banks; and his credit was not called in question. But how soon are our warmest expectations blasted—in the midst of fancied security, the storm arises which destroys all our prospects of earthly happiness. The principal amount of my friend's property was in the trade of the East Indies; and neglecting to effect an assurance on it outward bound, he suffered, by the stranding of his ship, the loss of almost all he was worth.

For the first time he felt his fortitude forsake him, for he was well apprized of the avaricious principle of the father of the lady whom he loved; and who must of course shortly hear of his heavy misfortune. Many and various were his resolves, at length he came to the determination to know the worst; and, assuming as cheerful a deportment as he could, he paid the party a visit. Not a celebrated great man, whose ambition has recently prompted him to the commission of acts wherein his once famed strength of intellect was by no means

conspicuous, could have been more astonished when arrested for his errors, than was my friend at the rude and unpolished treatment he experienced from the man, from whom he at least expected politeness. The daughter too, was particular in her conversation, and formal in her deportment. In short, it was sufficiently evident that my friend's loss of property was attended with the forfeiture of that marked attention which he had formerly experienced—rallying, therefore, his spirits, in the pride of insulted virtue he left the house.

E.

LOVE.

Love, when it is excessive, must either purify or bewilder the soul in which it reigns. It is an ardent, impetuous passion, which wrests from us the command over ourselves, and renders us criminal or virtuous, according to the object or circumstances. It has produced immortal actions, but it is equally capable of leading to guilt. It has made heroes and cowards, and the same heart which it fills and impels towards glory, might have been induced, under a different combination of circumstances, to betray for it honor and virtue. Fatal intoxication! Sentiment at once fleeting, blind, and domineering. Happy they who are obliged to withdraw themselves from thy imperious sway! Who, alas! can tell in what manner thou wilt dispose of us!

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

The deaths of many of the most celebrated poets were occasioned by very singular accidents.

COWLEY, on his return with his friend Spratt, from a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, lost his way, and was obliged to spend the night under a hedge, he caught a severe cold in consequence, which terminated in his death.

OTWAY had an intimate friend, who was murdered in the street; the murderer fled to France: Otway pursued him on foot as far as Dover, his fatigue occasioned a fever, which was the cause of his death.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was robbed by his valet de chambre; the moment he discovered it, in a passionate hurry he put on his boots to pursue him; a large rusty nail was in the bottom of one of them, it pierced his heel, and brought on a mortification.

LEE had been confined to a very low diet for a considerable time, in consequence of lunacy; one night he escaped from his keeper, he drank so immoderately, that he became intoxicated, and fell down in the Strand, was run over by a Hackney coach, and expired on the spot.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

O'N TIME.

—The great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.

SHAKESPEARE.

AGES have rolled upon ages, and revolutions have succeeded to revolutions, whilst the slow, corroding hand of time has been insensibly mouldering to dust the proudest monuments of man; the sublimest efforts of genius, and the noblest productions of art, are alike subject to its all conquering power. No longer do the illustrious cities of Memphis, Persepolis, Ecbatna, and Carthage, dazzle the world with their splendor and magnificence; no longer do we behold the proud imperial Thebes, her hundred gates, her massy walls, her gorgeous palaces, and cloud-capt towers. No longer does the once famous Sparta excite the admiration of mankind, by her valor and patriotism; all her former power, and all her former greatness, now, alas! lie prostrate in the dust. It is with painful regret, that we at present contemplate the ravages of time, on the once flourishing city of Athens—Where at present we

behold nothing but broken columns, and tottering walls, and heaps of ruins, once was observed the senate house of the Athenians, their forum, their courts of justice, and their temples of religion. Oh, Athens! thou parent of the sciences, thou patron of the muses, and thou supporter of sacred liberty, to thee shall all succeeding ages pay the tribute of homage and respect! thy philosophers, thy statesmen, thy poets, and thy warriors, shall ever be venerated by the lovers of genius, virtue, and patriotism.

Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, has suffered similar depredations from the hand of time; her vast and splendid public edifices, which were formerly the admiration and envy of the world, have long since been defaced and dilapidated by the incursions of the Goths and Vandals. Her immense Amphitheatre, in which a hundred thousand people were usually collected, to witness the shows of the Gladiators, mock-naval engagements, and other ostentatious spectacles, is now entirely forsaken, save by the dingy bat, or moping screech owl. Nothing here which bears the venerable stamp of antiquity, now remains entire. We should find it at present a difficult and perhaps an almost impossible task, to trace the spot, where formerly the Gracchii were wont to defend the cause of their oppressed countrymen; where they boldly asserted the rights of freemen, and where they nobly endeavoured to check the oppressive power of the patricians, which had been accumulating for ages, and which now threatened to crush and overwhelm the liberties of the common people. Where Cicero so frequently hurled his indignant thunderbolts on the head of the infamous Cataline; where he always appeared as the friend of Christianity, the defender of liberty, and the advocate of virtue and innocence. These, and a thousand other monuments of Roman greatness, now no longer exist. It has been justly observed, that few objects in nature, however strong, or how ever mighty, can long withstand the as-

saults of time. The pyramids of Egypt, the temples of Greece, and the palaces of Asia, have successively acknowledged its power; and even the strong castles of the northern barbarians, which formerly afforded a secure assylum to the feudal lords and barons when vanquished in the field of battle, and which then were thought invulnerable to the attacks of the most formidable enemy, have perished by the inroads of time. Almost every object that surrounds us, tends strongly to remind us of the decay to which all things are subject. How melancholy and painful is it to behold the companions of our infancy, the associates of our youth, and those with whom we are connected by the closest ties of friendship and consanguinity, daily swept from the theatre of life! How mournful to observe the accomplished statesman, the veteran warrior, and the disinterested patriot, sharing a like fate with the meanest individual! and how awful to reflect, that not even the sublimest talents, and the most exalted virtue, are permitted to escape this general wreck.

DORMER.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

Translation.

Ad Formosissimam.

FAREWELL! enchanting youth, farewell:

Thou'rt call'd away by love and duty,
To where the social virtues dwell
With living grace, and manly beauty.

Ah—now thou'rt wander'd far away,
Does aught of S..... e'er remind thee?
Does e'er thy fond remembrance stray,
To those thou mourning leav'st behind thee?

Alas! too charming youth, I fear,
When lingering absence shall us sever,
Some other love, a love more dear,
Will drive me from thy thoughts forever!

For me, where'er my footsteps rove,
O'er towering hill, through lonely valley;
My heart can never cease to love
My friend, my dearest, fairest,y.

MALVINA.

ACCURATE OBSERVATIONS.

A MAN should early fix a standard of rectitude in his own mind, should frequently, in private, measure his actions thereby, should note his deviations therefrom, and, at the same time, by his observations on other people, should endeavour to improve this ideal standard, of which, however, he should admit no alteration, without the most serious conviction. Such a man will act with confidence—his conduct will be marked with fortitude, while he will obviate the errors of obstinacy.

It too frequently happens that the principles implanted by education, are destroyed as soon as we enter society, like seed sown in a hot-house, of which the tender plants often wither, the moment they are exposed to the open air.

The mind, when restrained in its favourite pursuit, always becomes indolent for a time: it is the stagnant state of a river before the ebb sets in.

Of grief, we know little more than the name, until we have mingled with society, and, by extending our connexions, have given to misfortune a wider field, and more frequent opportunities to afflict us. Behold the child caressing his departed mother: his little hands cling round her neck; his tender mouth is prest upon her pale cold lips; his infant tongue pronounces her beloved name:—how enviable is that lisping ignorance which entertains her to "awake!"

Saturday, April 25.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Those of our friends who did not receive our last number till Monday, will please to attribute the neglect to the ill health of the lad who carries the greater number of our papers.

Our fair correspondent who styles herself *Julia Francisca*, will please to accept our thanks for her past communications. Her "ANTICIPATION," published in the XXIV number of our work, has been highly commended by several persons of taste and erudition. We indulge

the pleasing anticipation of receiving from her many similar favours.

We confess ourselves obliged to the lady who has sent us several pieces from Washington city, and shall always be happy to recognise her superscription.

The 'Address from a Father to his daughter,' from the French of Rousseau, is too faulty for publication; the translator has done his author injustice.

The 'Orphan Boy,' has appeared in our work. The Narrative sent us by Emma, has not the charm of novelty to recommend it; we believe it has been published in a former volume of the 'Weekly Visitor.'

The communication sent us by a lady, and introduced by a quotation from Pope, is recommended to the revision of the writer.

We cannot comply with Edwin's request to publish his lines to Elvira; they are much too imperfect for the public eye.

Persons who may wish to subscribe for this miscellany commencing with the XXVII number, are informed that such subscriptions will be received—a few sets of the numbers from the commencement of the volume, may be obtained.

Those of our subscribers who intend changing their residence the first of the ensuing month, will oblige us by giving intimation thereof at this office.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Alexander Phoenix, merchant, (of the house of Ingraham, Phoenix, & Nessen,) to Miss Patty Ingraham, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Richard Riker, esq. to Miss Janet Phoenix, daughter of Daniel Phoenix, esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 16th inst. by the rev. John M. Mason, Mr. Hugh M'Leod, to Miss Isabella Boston, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Wm. T. Hunter, to Miss Jane Harris.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Roe, Mr. Joseph Crowell, jun. to Miss Ursula Fitz Randolph, all of Woodbridge, N. J.

On Wednesday the 15th inst. near Princeton, N. Jersey, by Dr. Woodhull, the rev. Selah S. Woodhull, of Brooklyn, to Miss Cornelia Van Cleve.

DIED,

On Thursday, Mrs. Kerly, wife of Archibald Kerly, esq. aged 70 years.

On Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness, Mr. Zachariah M'Callum, merchant.

At Philadelphia, on Friday evening the 17th inst. in the 45th year of his age, after a very severe illness, Dr. James Douglas M'Kinze, a native of Ireland.

On Saturday last, capt. John Brazier, merchant, in the 44th year of his age.

On Saturday, in the 37th year of his age, Mr. John E. Martin, late of the N. York Theatre.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Alexander Annin, in the 23d year of his age.

SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her seminary on the first of May next from No. 35, to 137 Bowery Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary, having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needlework, &c. She flatters herself, that from the assiduous pains, and strict attention she is determined to pay to the morals, manners, and erudition of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of public patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently, from 12 to 15 young ladies to board and educate, if application be made within six weeks from this date.

March 10.

YOUNG LADIES ACADEMY.

MRS. STONEHOUSE respectfully informs her friends, and the public in general, that her School for the instruction of Young Ladies, in Orthography, English grammar, Reading, Writing, and Needlework, is continued at No. 24 Beaver-street, in an airy and pleasant situation.—She returns her most grateful thanks to her former and present employers, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours, by the assiduity and attention paid to inform the minds, and direct the morals and manners of the children entrusted to her care. April 11.

NEW PATENT FLAGELET,

PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY, AND

The nobility of Great Britain.

This instrument being held in such high estimation in England among ladies of the first rank, has induced the Manufacturer to introduce it into the United States of America, where it has met with general approbation among ladies of the first circle. The sweetness and brilliancy of tone which it possesses, renders it superior to any ever made, and the fingering being so easy that ladies and gentlemen not knowing music, may in a few weeks acquire a proficiency. To be had only of John Butler, manufacturer and teacher, at Messrs. Paff's, City Hotel, Broadway. Jan. 17.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich-street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

WANTED,

A lad of respectable connexions, as an apprentice to the Druggist and Apothecary's business, for particulars apply at this office.

BOARDING.

Three or four Persons may be genteely accommodated with Boarding and Lodging, in a private family, in the neighbourhood of Cherry street—For further particulars, apply at No. 137 Water-street. April 11.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON FASHION

Ah, tell me what is Fashion gay,
A source of care and sorrow—
For what is just the *ton* to-day,
Is quite the reverse to-morrow.

Then fly from me illusive joy,
And never more torment me;
Too soon thy feeble pleasures cloy,
Ne'er fram'd for to content me.

And yet there's something in thy mein,
So gay and so enchanting,
That rich and poor are ever seen,
For thy rich pleasures panting.

Then let me live retir'd far,
From scenes that's so alluring;
Be friends and books my only care,
And sweet content insuring.

JANE C., K., G.
Washington City, April,
1807.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE TOMB OF ELLEN.

STRANGER! if by worldly views
Thy heart is dead to love's controul,
If feeling never nurs'd with dews
The rose of passion in thy soul—

Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
For this is Pity's holiest shrine—
The lilies that surround the dead
Would shrink from such a hand as thine.

But if thy breast with ardour warm,
Beats to the thrilling glance of beauty;
If thou hast knelt to woman's charm
With all of love's enraptur'd duty,

Then stranger pause and linger here
(For love and pity seldom sever),

And pour the sighs to passion dear,
Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!

Sweet maid! within thy gentle breast
Affection bloom'd, oh, how sincerely!
And why did fate with frown unblest,
Break a fond heart that lov'd so dearly?

For cold beneath the western wave
Her lover found an icy pillow;
No flower to deck his lonely grave,
No death shroud but the foaming billow!

The spirit of the morn had sigh'd
Delighted o'er the rose's bloom,
But sorrow came with with'ring stride,
And swept its beauty to the tomb.

Stranger! if love awakes your sighs
(And love and pity seldom sever)
Pause where that rose of beauty lies—
Where Ellen sleeps alas! for ever! R.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

The sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing
Borne over the plain the perfume of the flow'r,
In soft indulations the streamlet was flowing,
And calm meditation led forward the hours;
I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started
I sung of an exile forlorn, broken hearted;
Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed;
And sorrow has stolen from the lyre all its powers.

I pau'd on the strain, when fond memory tenacious,
Presented the form I must ever esteem;
Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas, how fallacious!
Evanescent all, as the shade of a dream.
Yet still, as they rush thro' oppress'd recollection
The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection
Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,
On which cheering hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,
In vain smiling spring does the blossoms unfold:

In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers sing-

ing,
When each soft affection is dormant and cold,
E'en sad as the merchant, bereav'd of his treasure,
So slow beats my heart and so languid its measure,

So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,
Around it Affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek resignation supporting the spirit,
Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;

A scene which the patient and pure shall inherit,
Where hearts bleed no more and the tear shall be dry.

The souls which on earth in each other delighted
By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,

But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

MATTER.

Gold-beaters afford us the means of demonstrating the minute diversibility of matter; they can spread a grain of gold into a leaf containing fifty square inches; which leaf may be readily divided into 500,000 parts, each of which is visible to the naked eye. The natural divisions of matter are, however, far more surprisingly minute; there are more animals in the milt of a single cod-fish than men on the whole earth. It is said that a single grain of sand is larger than four millions of these animals; yet each of them possesses a heart, stomach, bowels, muscles, tendons, nerves, glands, veins, &c. It has been calculated that a particle of the blood of one of these animalcula, is as much smaller than a globe one tenth of an inch in diameter, as that globe is smaller than the whole earth.

The Portrait Painter.

A portrait painter who had suffered considerably from violent critics, was determined to find whether he or the critics were wrong. He drew them altogether to see the portrait of a person whom they all knew. Abundance of faults were of course found, when the critics were astonished and confounded by hearing the head of the portrait: "In spite of what you say, gentlemen critics, 'tis I." A friend of the painter's had taken his station behind the canvass, and put his *real* face in the room of a painted one.

A MAN told his friend the sum of his miseries, adding, "And what would you have done under such a pressure?" "I should have put an end to my life," said the other, vauntingly—"I did still more courageously," replied the complainant; "I dared to live on."

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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